America today. It is drama that began nearly 400 years ago on this hallowed ground when intrepid souls set out from the mother country, England, in their tiny vessels, to found the dynamic civilization in freedom, which we now enjoy but, perhaps do not always appreciate.

This week marks the end of the 1961 season for the presentation of "The Lost Colony" pageant performed by its able and dedicated cast of actors, musicians, dancers, and choristers.

I must open my remarks with special recognition of the genius of Paul Green who felt the deeper meaning of the American dream—the American goal—by creating this tremendous outdoor symphony on this site some 25 years ago. Each year there has been some change—for he has sought to perfect this phase of his presentation of the meaning of the American heritage.

America's greatness has grown from its variety, and Paul Green has extended his vast talents to other historical phases of our national growth with such successes as "The Common Glory," now in its 15th season at Williamsburg, Va.; "Faith of Our Fathers," in the National Capital; "Wilderness Road," at Berea, Ky.; "The Founders," at Jamestown Island, Va.; and "The Confederacy," at Virginia Beach, Va.

In the light of all that, my friends, you must know that this is a night to remember, to feel deeply, and to cherish.

When I was asked not so long ago if I as Congressman from this First District of North Carolina, would participate briefly in this seasonal closing of our State's historic drama, the news in Washington, D.C., was exceedingly grim. The world seemed beset by cold fire—interspersed here and there with brutal bursts of passion that did not—do not—make sense in a civilized world. The intervening weeks do not look any better.

Korea, though some 10 years behind, has left scars which may still pain many who are here tonight. The Suez crisis of 1955 and 1956 made a deep impact on the nations of the world as the Arab States went through pangs of extreme nationalism and flirtations with the untiring Communist powers. China and India reached serious crises over boundary matters. A President of the United States was advised not to visit one country because of the possibility of disorders which might threaten his safety. And later, he and the United tates were outrageously affronted by the Premier of the Soviet Union at a meeting in Paris of top officials of the great world powers—the United States, Soviet Russia, the United Kingdom, and the Republic of France.

Today, we have one crisis on top of another. The West Germany/West Berlin situation is boiling and dangerous in light of the extreme measures which have been taken to seal off the unhappy East Germans from access to the West. The problems of the French in Algeria and between the French and the Tunisians, gravely, though indirectly affect these shores. The turn of our formerly friendly neighbor, Cuba, to communism and Soviet domination is frightening. Recent developments in Brazil are very disturbing. Africa is in a tremendous ferment. And, who knows what has really happened in Laos and Vietnam?

These things are of great concern to us in Washington, D.C., at the seat of our Government. I know they are to all of you.

National divisions, realignments, and ideologies seem to plague the world. We have a North Korea and a South Korea; we have a North and a South Vietnam; there is Laos, and West Germany—complicated by the city or cities of East and West Berlin located 110 miles within the World War II boundary of the Federal Republic of Germany. In the Union of South Africa we see the concept of apartheid, or white supremacy, carried to greater extremes than it has ever been in this country. In other parts of Africa the concept of black supremacy seems to be on the rise.

These are the things of today and of recent years. But let's go back to the times portrayed by Paul Green's pageant, the time when the English-speaking peoples asserted themselves on this continent.

Things were no different then, than they are today. Not really.

History books have to cover time by recording the main events. They cannot give us the infinite details which we learn from our daily newspapers, radios, and television.

But those books do tell us that power struggles in Europe were then, as now, shaking the structure of the entire civilized world at the time our brave Roanoke Island colonists came to these shores.

We know that Spain had been in control of the seas for a hundred years or more. That the Portuguese were competitors. We know that the English were, through their ruling classes, in violent diplomatic and religious conflict with the rest of Europe. We know that the Dutch were straining to compete in the colonization of the unsettled areas of the world.

In the official souvenir program for tonight's entertainment—the one that costs 50 cents per copy—there appears a chronology of Pre-Colonial America. It tells about Columbus in 1492. It shows that England wasn't going to wait very long, and John Cabot discovered North America for England in 1497. It shows that an Italian explored the present North Carolina coast for France in 1524. And it shows the vigorous efforts of the English under the direction of Sir Walter Raleigh to establish a colony in the New World, at Roanoke Island—where we now stand.

The Colony was lost. Its fate is intriguing, and historians have been interested for more than 370 years in finding the answer to the disappearance of the sturdy, well-balanced and well-provisioned group of colonists. They brought families and produced English children. They had brought Christianity. They had established law and order in the wilderness. They had taken the first steps to move the Western World into the modern era.

In this great drama—Paul Green suggests an answer to the fate of the first brave groups to begin the history that becomes the cornerstone to English, then Anglo-American and then American heritage. His story of the lost colony is self-sufficient.

But I want to say in conclusion that as we look backward we must look forward. "The past is prologue."

There was a cold war then—between England and Spain. There was no declared war—but the Spanish Armada sailed against England—and was defeated. From that date English seapower was supreme all over the world—upholding the freedom of the seas for all nations who would use them for peaceful purposes. From those perilous times to the present perilous times man's indomitable spirit has pushed the frontiers of civilization and knowledge incredibly far. Think of this analogy and feel a surge of hope for the future that lies ahead. Our faith in God and country may be summed up in the final beautiful lines of this great pageant:

"Let the wilderness drive us forth as wanderers across the earth, scatter our broken bones upon these sands • • • it shall not kill the purpose that brought us here. • • • The dream still lives. It lives • • • and shall not die."

How the Cuban Invasion Failed

[redacted]

EXTENSION OF REMARKS

[redacted]

HON. CHARLES E. GOODELL

OF NEW YORK

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, September 7, 1961

Mr. GOODELL. Mr. Speaker, under the leave to extend my remarks in the RECORD, I include the following article which appeared in the September 1, 1961, issue of Time magazine:

HOW THE CUBAN INVASION FAILED

Last April's U.S.-backed invasion of Cuba's Bay of Pigs will be long remembered and angrily debated. In the September issue of Fortune, the magazine's Washington Correspondent Charles J. V. Murphy tells in behind-the-scenes detail the incredible story of how that invasion failed. Excerpts:

The idea for the invasion had taken root during the early summer of 1960. By then, thousands of defectors from Castro's Cuba were in the United States. Many of them were soldiers. The job of organizing and training them was given to the Central Intelligence Agency. It became the specific responsibility of one of the CIA's top deputies, Richard M. Bissell, a former economist who is also a highly practical executive.

During the summer and fall of 1960, President Eisenhower from time to time personally reviewed the scheme. In late November, the last time it came up for his comprehensive review, an operational plan had not yet crystallized. It was taken for granted that a landing in force could not possibly be brought off unless the expedition was shepherded to the beach by the U.S. Navy (either openly or in disguise) and covered by airpower in whatever amount might be necessary. Eisenhower, the commander of Normandy, understood this well enough.

After his election, Kennedy had been briefed fairly frequently on the Cuban situation. He discussed Cuba at length in both his preinaugural talks with Eisenhower. On taking office, Kennedy decided that he had to have from the Joint Chiefs of Staff a technical opinion of the feasibility of the project.

HOW IT WAS PLANNED

The plan still assumed that U.S. military help would be on call during the landing. Castro's air force consisted of not quite two-score planes—a dozen or so obsolete B-26's, plus about the same number of obsolete British Sea Furies. But in addition, there were seven or eight T-33 jet trainers, the remnants of an earlier U.S. transaction with the Batista government, so the force was not the pushover it appeared at first glance. Armed with rockets, these jets would be more than a match in a battle for the exiles' B-26's.

It stood to reason that, considering how small the landing force was, the success of the operation would hinge on the B-26's controlling the air over the beachhead. And the margins that the planners accepted were narrow to begin with. The B-26's were to operate from a staging base in a Central American country more than 500 miles from Cuba. The round trip would take better than 6 hours, and that would leave the planes with fuel for only 45 minutes of action over Cuba. In contrast,